

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1909.

BELEEF IN PROVIDENCE TENDS TO ENHANCE OPTIMISM

Contributions, Some Original, Others Quotations, Which Should Add Inspiration to Our Work.

BY THE OPTIMIST.

I think not any of you fellow-optimists can read the fine page of contributions on Providence which we print to-day without feeling inspired and uplifted. The subject was, in a measure, a good deal more difficult to write about than that of the week previous, on Smiles, and you will find, I think, that a much larger proportion of the contributions to-day are quoted. There are, however, quite a number of original ones, and I am sure you will agree with me that the tendency of all of them is to help.

I wish, fellow-optimists, that none of you would feel it necessary to limit your contributions simply to these Sunday contests. Bit by bit this optimism page has grown to what it is to-day. It started, of course, with the little essays on optimism which I contributed from time to time to the paper. These, I am glad to say, proved so helpful to many people that I decided to ask all of you optimists to help. You have responded nobly, and one of the very best features of the Sunday edition of The Washington Herald has grown to be this page for which my fellow-members of the Optimist Club are so largely responsible.

But don't let us stop here. I would like to have suggestions from any of you as to how we may make the page brighter, bigger, better, or more helpful. One optimist has suggested this week that we devote an entire section on Sunday to optimism. I don't think that we are quite ready for any such radical measure, but at least I think we can all look ahead to the time when the scope and sphere of the optimist department shall be considerably widened. I am sure there will always be enough to secure a button it will only be necessary for you to fill out the coupon and send it in. I would rather, of course, that you should bring it in and get the button, because The Optimist would like to meet as many of you as possible. By sending in the coupon, too, I hope to get your names and addresses correct, so that they may be entered in a book which will contain the roll of membership in The Washington Herald Optimist Club.

I would also like all of you to understand that while I shall not have any of the buttons of our club to waste, yet I will always be glad to see a coupon of you can get them for your friends if you can induce them to join our fellowship. "Let's Help" is the motto of the club, and I should like to think that few of us can help more than by increasing the membership of the club.

I am happy to be able to say that two of the prize winners last week—your friend who won the first prize, and the amount of money which they won in the contest be given to sundry charities. I think that is a fine exemplification of the true optimistic spirit. I received from one of the prize winners last week. The sort of letter that helps:

Dear Optimist: It afforded me so much pleasure and so much interest in contributing on Duty on your page last Sunday, and I am very grateful to you for awarding me second place. It is an honor, I and I am sure thousands of subscribers do, find great entertainment and pleasure reading the page, and I must confess it is the first part of The Herald I look for Sunday mornings. I intend making a collection of the pages of the future years, for maybe it is in the future that they will be the most important. That last does not sound altogether optimistic, does it? But it shows that I am optimistic concerning the present, and I am optimistic about the future. I am quite anxious to have a button, and will take great pleasure in calling for mine and meeting our "leader."

Sincerely,
ELIZABETH P. CRUMP.

Another good letter came to me from Mrs. E. D. Frank, who won the third prize last week. She writes:

Dear Sir: Yesterday afternoon I received The Washington Herald's check for \$2, for which I thank you. It came as a surprise, indeed.

Although I have written without thought or expectation of reward, in a material way, it is, nevertheless, pleasant to feel, as this indicates, that my small contributions have met with the approval of The Optimist.

The suggestions of help and cheerfulness made by your contributors are truly inspiring, and I trust the Optimist Club may long continue to be a source of inspiration to people in general, and those of Washington in particular.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. E. D. FRANK.

I am glad to know, too, that many of the contributors to this page find their greatest joy in contributing without thought of winning one of the prizes. That is as it should be. The prizes are incidental, and the greatest helpfulness, I am sure, will come from the thought that all of you are trying to help others.

The first prize of \$5 this week is awarded to Mrs. Alice Sharpe Balch, of 1236 Michigan street, for the following contribution:

Providence is the divine and ever ruling cause of all things, a mysterious force; the harmony of the world, the Lord of life, the invisible creator of nature, the prop to which we cling, the union of God and the world. We live in the notes of joy, we feel it across the blackness of sorrow, we see it when we least expect it. It is the rock on which our souls must be anchored or wrecked. It is truth, the secret of faith, the brimming cup from which we drink love, joy, song, bloom, light, felicity, and the comfort of life. It is the unseen power of pity, compassion, refuge, mercy, and strength. "The spirit of knowledge and wisdom." Providence, God: irradiating

the mind of the glory of truth, soothing the wounds of the heart with balm, that turns anguish into delicious peace. Providence the answer to our doubts, the spring of all our courage, "our morning star, our sun of righteousness," the whole universe of God, the "eternal source of the true, the beautiful, the good."

The second prize, \$3, is awarded to M. E. Bally, 1723 Columbia road, for this:

Live each day earnestly, faithfully, hopefully, uncomplainingly, content that the results are in the hands of an all-wise, all-embracing Providence.

The third prize goes to G. O. Carr, of the Alabama, for the following:

"If we could push aside the gates of life, and stand within, and all God's workings see, And we interpret all this doubt and strife, And, for each mystery, could find a key."

But not to-day. Then be content poor heart, God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold; We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart. Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where dired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest When we shall clearly see and understand, I think that we will say "God knew the best."

The other five prizes, of a dollar each, are awarded to these contributors:

"No man is born into this world whose work is not done with him" (Lowell), and "We seek to do our work in our day. Providence will provide the means for the greatest achievements consistent with our capabilities and best interests."

Submitted by HARRY R. MIDKIFF, 235 Maple place northeast.

The best thought of the optimist is perfect faith in the power and willingness of God to fulfill His promises.

Submitted by E. ESTELLE MOORE, 1010 1st street northeast.

Morning meanness much to you If thou wakest with the thought That tasks assigned to you are laid upon God's approval fraught.

Submitted by C. A. CLAUDE, Chery Chase, Md.

God is near upon the ocean, God is near upon the land; He is all, both rest and motion, He is only grains of sand.

Life mingles upon life's billow, May flies buzzing about the hour, Dreams upon a fevered pillow, Dwell on a withered flower.

Only waiting for to-morrow, Only waiting for to-morrow, Here we live in joy and sorrow, Chasing phantasms as we can; Chasing pleasure, chasing greatness, Over tangled waves and waves; But we learn the bitter lesson: Just before we find our graves, Hope is nigh with fairy fingers, Tracing sunbeams on the way; Magic memory ever lingers, Every word the bygone day.

Life and death are but the portals To a realm of endless rest; God is working through his mortals, All in some way shall be blessed.

Submitted by JOHN A. JOYCE, Look to the North, set like a gem Upon the bosom of her hills; Look to the South, whose blood-stained soil The patriot's soul with fervor thrills.

Look to the East, where pilgrim bands Fought refuge from the oppressor's hate; Look to the West, where treasure stores Stand guarded by the Golden Gate.

Ay, look again beyond the seas, And catch the gleam in lands afar, Of Stars and Stripes in fluttering folds Afloat where our possessions are.

Where's that sacred emblem flies, Or North or South, East or West, Behold the freeman's natal lands, Behold America, the best.

Then for this goodly heritage Let hearts with loyalty imbued Unto a gracious Providence Lift songs of praise and gratitude.

Submitted by EDITH VIRGINIA BRADY, 1234 Fairmont street.

The other contributions herewith printed are awarded honorable mention. God has implanted in every human heart a divine spark. Do not smother it with gloomy forebodings; look upward and onward, never downward or backward; this only weakens us for the fight to come.

Submitted by MARSHALL JOHNSON, 438 Park road.

All who venture to assume they can combat successfully the trials of this life, unaided by the Providence of a Creator, learn eventually they have undertaken an impossible task, whereas, if we with abiding faith place our reliance in Divine Providence, our efforts will secure to us the twin blessings of peace and contentment, and also a self-approving conscience, and a proper allowance of success.

Submitted by MISS MARY HARRIMAN, 1236 G street northwest.

LIVES IN TENT IN TEXAS.

Providence, scientifically speaking, is the inevitable course of things, the inevitable necessity which neither bows nor responds to any law save that of cause and effect. Indeed, since I think it must be allowed by all persons that there can be nothing in existence corresponding to a physical Providence, or, in other words, since there cannot physically exist anything corresponding to a Providence, it may be justly termed the law of the necessary course of things, to which all men, willing or not, must conform themselves.

The pessimist continually complains of what he is pleased to denigrate "a cruel Providence," when, as a matter of fact, the whole trouble lies in a dangerous disconnection between his heart and the heart of God. However grinding or exacting may appear the mills of Providence, all mankind may take courage and consolation in the fact that it worketh ill toward no one—that is, it does nothing because of spite or fear or favor. Therefore, study and obey her mandates, have respect for her laws, have an abiding

faith—faith in self, in God, in the things of this world, and, like Dame Nature, who knows not nor cares not to whom she yields up her bountiful store, Providence will prove "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," irrespective of race or color or sex or creed.

Submitted by ELLIJAH NAPOLEON BUNN, 1303 E street northwest.

"What in me is dark, illumine; what is low, raise and support; That to the height of this great argument I may assert eternal Providence, And justify the ways of God to men."

Submitted by MERLY ADKINS, The Trustum.

God's providence is explained in the following verses, contained in the ninety-first Psalm, and is sufficient for me if ever doubt or fear assails me: "He that dwelleth in the secret places of the most high shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Submitted by BENEDICTA HEENAN, 81 K street northwest.

cess, to enable us to obtain all desirable happiness in this life, and the wealth of eternal happiness in the life to come. Perfect confidence in Providence attests our belief in His Divinity, and as the rays of light scintillate from a pure diamond, so Providence radiates the soul with hope and stimulates us to do our Christian duty, and God and our fellow-man; makes life successful and happy, and insures our salvation.

Submitted by H. H. YOUNG, Glenclary, Va.

A fervent faith in God, and a steadfast hope in our fellow-man, will make the hardest trials seem like the "eternal source of the true, the beautiful, the good."

Submitted by GEORGE GODOY, 438 Park road.

Believe, my friend, in Providence, Believe in God above, And you will lead a happy life—A life all full of love.

Look you to the rising sun for succor From an all-wise, all-powerful God, Pray you at His setting for assistance From the sky? It will not help an erring soul nor bring succor of sorrow—

The worst the world can do to-day will be at work to-morrow. But face life's fiercest battle like a God-directed man, And help along the good old world in any way you can, And nobly do your duty, and do your very best.

Then leave your cause with Providence, and trust Him for the rest.

Submitted by H. V. HIBBEE, 113 G street northwest.

The sweetest thought that can cheer us on this journey through life is the thought of the wise, kind Providence which clothes the grass of the field and notes the sparrow's fall.

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All or the best, though oft we doubt The unsearchable designs of God, That Highest Wisdom brings about, And ever found best in the close.

Submitted by S. C. SWETT, 62 Maryland avenue northeast.

Put your trust in Providence, but be sure and keep your powder dry. The busy man is the man who knows the time of many years believes in Providence.

Submitted by H. E. LEEB, Department of Commerce and Labor.

Man is a stream whose source is hidden. Always our being is descended into us from we know not whence. The most exact calculator has no presence that somewhat incalculable may not balk the very next moment. I am, constrained every moment to acknowledge a higher origin for events than the will I call mine.

As with events, so is it with thoughts. The I watch that flowing river, which, out of the regions I see not, pours for a season its streams into me. I see that I am a pensioner, not a cause, but a surprised spectator of this ethereal water; that I desire and look up, and put myself in the attitude of reception, but from some alien energy the visions come.

The Supreme Critic on all the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is the great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere; that unity, that over-soul, within which every man's particular being is sustained and sustained with all others; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission; that overpowering reality which confutes our tricks and tales and our vain conceits; that one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character and not from his tongue; and which evermore tends and aims to pass into our thought and hand, become wisdom and virtue, and power, and beauty. We live in succession, in parts, in particles. Meantime in man is the soul of the whole, the wise silence, the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related; the Eternal One. ALIDA E. HAMILTON, 1239 Fourteenth street.

Having done honest work, making the while such provision as is possible for old age or sickness, or for those dependent upon us, let us in faith leave the rest to Providence, before whom a sparrow's fall is not without regard, and let us comfort ourselves with the wisdom of ancient piety: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." VIRGINIA R. ADKINS, 1018 Newton street.

All nature is but art unknown to thee, All chance, direction which thou canst not see; All discord harmony which thou understandest, All partial evil universal good; And spite of pride, in erring reason's light, One truth is clear: whatever is, is right.

Submitted by M. JANE MOORE, 2036 G street northwest.

"There's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow." It is not to come, it is to be, if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave behind?"

Submitted by M. AGNES DENX, Room 31, Home Life Building.

When traveling recently across the continent between Salt Lake and Los Angeles a broken trestle bridge was the cause of the terrible wreck of a freight train, and occurring just before our "special" was due, we were thankful and grateful that a divine Providence had so mercifully interposed to save us. We cannot err in thinking that a Providence overrules all things, so we always put our whole trust in Providence.

Submitted by BELLE EDELIN, 1309 Park road.

Friends, let us take to patience and water grant, as the old folks used to tell us, rather than catch the miseries and give others the disease by wickedly finding fault with God. The best remedy for affliction is submitting to Providence. What cannot be cured must be endured. If we can't get bacon, let us bless God that there are still some cabbages in the garden. Must is a hard nut to crack, but it has a sweet kernel. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

Submitted by MISS ANNIE SMITH, 222 G street northwest.

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ENROLL YOUR NAME.

THE WASHINGTON HERALD Optimist Club button will be ready for delivery next week, and at that time a book containing the roll of membership will be opened. So be sure to write name and address plainly on coupon, which will appear next Sunday.

This coupon will, when filled in and sent to this office, secure you the "Let's Help" emblem, and also enroll you to a place on the club membership roll.

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the words "In God We Trust" on the coin as an act of faith by the American people in the overruling Providence of God.

Submitted by WILLIAM H. REED, 1867 Irving street northwest.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love In heavenly spirits to the creatures base, That may compassion of their evils move? There is, alas much more wretched were the case Of men than beasts. But oh! th' ex-celling grace Of highest God that loves His creatures so.

And all His works with mercy doth embrace; That blessed angel He sends to and fro To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe! How oft do they their silver bowres leave To come to succor us that succor want? How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The fitting skies, like flying Pursuivants, Against fowle foes to aid us militant? They for us fight; they watch and dewly ward, And their bright squadrons round about us plan; How oft do they their silver bowres leave To come to succor us that succor want? How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The fitting skies, like flying Pursuivants, Against fowle foes to aid us militant? They for us fight; they watch and dewly ward, And their bright squadrons round about us plan; How oft do they their silver bowres leave To come to succor us that succor want? How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The fitting skies, like flying Pursuivants, Against fowle foes to aid us militant? They for us fight; they watch and dewly ward, And their bright squadrons round about us plan; How oft do they their silver bowres leave To come to succor us that succor want? How oft do they with golden pinions cleave The fitting skies, like flying Pursuivants, Against fowle foes to aid us militant? They for us fight; they watch and dewly ward, And their bright squadrons round about us plan; How oft do they their silver bowres leave To come to succor us that